

POCKET WISDOM SERIES

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FROM
SHAKESPEARE

M. VENKATASIAH, B.A.

FIRST EDITION

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MYSORE
SRI LAKSHMI PRINTING PRESS
1923

Price As. 6]

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Books of Pocket Wisdom Series

(if 10 minutes be devoted to each of them daily
to treasure up their contents in the mind),

1. Strengthen memory.
 2. Improve English in less than 6 months or
or during a vacation.
 3. Enable to talk well.
 4. Improve style and help to write well in
examinations.
 5. Develop character—"the crown and glory
of life"—the end and aim of true edu-
cation.
 6. Enrich the mind with golden ideas.
 7. Give strength and wisdom to fight life's
hardest battles.
 8. Make us useful to our country in thousand-
and odd ways.
-

Address :—

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Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words

Flatter and praise commend extol their graces
Though never so black say they have angels
faces
That man that hath a tongue I say is no man
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help
And study help for that which thou lament st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good
Much is the force of heaven bred poesy

For Orpheus lute was strung with poet's sinews
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones
Make tigers tame and huge Leviathans
Lorsake unbounded deeps to dance on sands

The more thou damnest it up the more it burns
The current that with gentle murmur glides
Thou knowst being stopp'd impatiently doth rage
But when his fur course is not hindered
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage
 And so by many winding nobs he strays
 With willing sport to the wild ocean

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Lie on sinful fantasy !
 Lie on **lust** and luxury !
 Lust is but a bloody fire,
 Kindled with unchaste desire,
 Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
 As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Measure For Measure.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do
 Not light them for themselves for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us were all alike
 As if we had them no Spirits are not finely told
 But to fine issues nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence
 But like a thrifty goddess she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks and use

As surfeit is the father of much fast
 So every scope by the immoderate use

O ! it is excellent
 To have a giant's **strength**, but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
 For every pelting, petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder, nothing but
 thunder,

Merciful heaven !
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
 Than the soft myrtle but man proud man,
 Drest in a little brief **authority**,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
 As make the angels weep, who, with our spleens,
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Authority, though it err like others,
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself
 That skins the vice o' the top

Can it be
 That modesty may more betray our sense
 Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground
 enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there ?

O, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With smiles dost bait thy hook ! Most danger-
ous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue

O place ! O form !
How often dost thou with thy ease, thy habit,
Wrench us from tools, and tie the wiser souls
To this false seeming ! Blood, thou art blood
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's crest.

So play the foolish throngs with one that
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should receive, and even so
The general, subject to a well wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious
fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs offence

Ha' fie these filthy **vices** ! It were as good
 To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
 A man already made as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's
 image
 In stamps that are forbid tis all as easy
 Falsely to take away a life true made
 As to put metal in restrained means
 To make a false one

Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
 Are two houses law ful **mercy**
 Is nothing kin to foul redemption

O perilous mouths !
 That bear in them one and the self same tongue,
 Either of condemnation or aproof
 Bidding the law make curt sy to their will
 Hooking both right and wrong to th appetite
 To follow as it draws

Be absolute for death either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter Rea on thus with
life
 If I do lose thee I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep a breath thou
 art,

Servile to all the sayev influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still, Thou art not
noble,
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou art by no means
valiant
For thou dost fear soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself,
I or thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not
For what thou hast not, still thou strive'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not
certain,
I or thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich thou art poor,
I or like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. I mend hast thou none,
I o' thine own bowels which do call thee sire
The mere effusion of thy proper loins
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum.

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast *nor* youth
nor age,
 But, as it were, in after dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg thee alms
 Of palsied eld, and when thou art eld and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor
beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths Yet death's a
fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

The sense of **death** is most in apprehension,
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod, and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling region of thick ribbed ice,
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds
 And blown with restless violence round about

The pendant world, or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 Imagin howling tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life
 That age, aches, penury and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure scape backwounding calumny
 The blindest virtue strikes What king so strong
 Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

There is so great a fever on goodness, that the
 dissolution of it must cure it novelty is only
 in request and it is as dangerous to be aged
 in any kind of course as it is virtuous to be
 constant in any undertaking there is scarce
 truth enough alive to make societies secure
 but security enough to make fellowships secure
 and Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom
 of the world

He who the sword of heaven will bear
 Should be as holy as severe
 Pattern in himself to know
 Grace to stand and virtue go

More nor less to others paying
 Than by self offences weighing
 Shame to him whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking !

O, what may man within him hide
 Though angel on the outward side !
 How many likeness made in crimes
 Making practice on the times
 To draw with idle spider's strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things !

O place and greatness ! Millions of false eyes
 Are stuck upon thee Volumes of report
 Run with these false and most contrarious quests
 Upon thy domes, thousand escapes of wit
 Make thee the father of their idle dream,
 And rack thee in their fancies !

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
 When it is borne in high authority
 When vice makes mercy mercy's so extended,
 That for the fault's love is the offender friended.

They say best men are moulded out of faults,
 And, for the most part become much more the
 better
 For bring a little bad

The Comedy of Errors.

Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe
 There's nothing virtuous under heaven's eye
 But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky
 He obeys the fishes and the winged fowls,
 Are then males subjects and at their controls
 Men more divine, the masters of all these,
 Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
 Indued with intellectual sense and souls
 O, more pre eminent than fish and fowl,
 Are masters to their females and their lords.

They can be meek that have no other cause,
 A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
 We bid be quiet when we hear it cry,
 But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
 As much, or more, we should ourselves
 complain.

The jewel best enamelled
 Will lose his beauty, and though gold bides still
 That others touch, yet often touching will

comes Repentance and with his bad legs falls
into the quick pace faster and faster till he
sink into his grave

Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love
Therefore all hearts in love use their own
tongues
Let every eve negotiate for itself
And trust no agent for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood

Sigh no more Indies sigh no more
Men were deceivers ever
One foot in sea and one on shore
To one thing constant never
Then sigh not so
But let them go
And better be the sadder
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into happy nonny nonny
Sigh no more ditties sigh no more
Of dunces so dull and heavy
The fault of men was ever so
Since summer first was leav'd,
Then sigh not so
But let them go,

And be you blithe and bonny,
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into Hey nonny, nonny.

The pleasant st angling is to see the fish
 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
 And greedily devour the treacherous bait

The ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes,
 will never **answer** a calf when he bleats.

Seest thou not what a deformed thief this **fashion**
 is ? How giddily he turns about all the hot
 bloods between fourteen and five-and thirty ?
 Sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's sol-
 diers in the reechy painting, sometime like god
 Bel's priests in the old church window, some-
 time like the shaven Hercules in the smirched
 worm eaten tapestry, where his cod piece
 seems as massy as his club

What we have we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it, being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value, then we find
 The virtue that **possession** would not show us
 Whiles it was ours

There was never yet philosopher
 That could endure 'he toothache patiently,
 However they have writ the style of gods
 And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Men
 Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel, but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before,
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 I utter strong madness in a silken thread,
 Charm ache with air and agony with words
 No, no, tis all men's office to speak **patience**
 To those that ring under the load of sorrow,
 But no man's virtue to sufficiency
 To be so moral when he shall endure
 The like himself

Love's Labour's Lost.

All delights are vain, but that most vain
 Which, with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain
 As painfully to pore upon a book,
 To seek the light of truth, while truth the while
 Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look,
 Light seeking light doth light of light beguile,

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks ;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
'Too much to know is to know nought but fame ,
And every godfather can give a name.

Study ever more is overshot .
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should ,
And when it hath the thing it huntet most,
'Tis won as towns with fire , so won, so lost.

So it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
part,
We bend to that working of the heart.

A **lover's** eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd :
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.

For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the Gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs ;
 O ! then his lines would ravish savage ears
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.

—
 Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn ;
 And justice always whirls in equal measure :
 Light wenches may prove plagues to men for—
 sworn.

—
 None are surely caught, when they are catch'd,
 As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
 Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As **gravity's** revolt to wantonness.

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity

That **sport** best pleases that doth least know
Where zeal stives to content, and the contents ^{how ;}
Die in zeal of those which it presents ,
Their form confounded makes most form in
When great things labouring perish in their ^{mirth,}
birth.

The extreme part of **time** extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed,
And often, at his vein loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince ,
Yet since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it
From what it purpos'd, since, to wail friends
lost

Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

A **jest's** prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind,
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste ;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste ;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd everywhere.

Lovers and madmen have such seethieg brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the **lover**, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,
That is, the madman ; the lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
 heaven ,

And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That, if it would apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
 Or in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear.

The Merchant of Venice.

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time;
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
 And laugh like parrots at a bag piper,
 And other of such vinegar aspect
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the
jaundice,
By being **peevish** ?

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, **gravity**, profound conceit ;
As who should say, ' I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !'

They are as sick that surfeit with too much as
they that starve with nothing. It is no mean
happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean :
superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but
competency lives longer.

If to **do** were as easy as to know what were good
to do, chapels had been churches, and poor
men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good
divine that follows his own instructions ; I
can easier teach twenty what were good to
be done, than be one of the twenty to follow
mine own teaching. The brain may devise
laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er
a cold decree : such a hare is madness the

youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel
the cripple.

The **devil** can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart
O, what a goodly outside **falsehood** hath !

If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the great-er throw
May turn by **fortune** from the weaker hand ;
So is Alcides beaten by his page.

Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than **enjoy'd**.
How like a vounker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Who shall go about
 To cozen fortune and be honourable
 Without the stamp of **merit**? Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O! that estates, degrees, and offices
 Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
 Were purchased by the merit of the wearer.
 How many then should cover that stand bare;
 How many be commanded that command;
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour; and how much
 honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
 To be new varnish'd!

Seven times tried that **judgment** is
 That did never choose amiss.
 Some there be that shadows kiss;
 Such have but a shadow's bliss.

So may the outward shows be least themselves:
 The world is still deceiv'd with **ornament**.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
 There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some marks of virtue on his outward parts
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stars or sand wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who, inward search'd, have hearts as white as mill
 And these assume but valour's excisement
 To render them redoubted ! Look on beauty
 And you shall see tis purchas'd by the weight,
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed faunness often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skill that bled them, in the sepulchre
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty, in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest

In companions

That do converse and waste the time together,
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,

There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for **affection**,
Mistress of **passion**, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.

The quality of **mercy** is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing
loud.

Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted

So doth the greater glory dim the less ;
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by and then his state
Empties itself as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a musician than the wren
 How many things by season season'd are
 To their right praise and true perfection !

As You Like It.

—o—
 Thus do all traitors :
 If their purgation did consist in words,
 They are as innocent as grace itself.

—
 Sweet are the uses of adversity
 Which like the toad ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head

—
 All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his times plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms
 And then the whining school boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation,
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and shippere'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose well sav'd a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen

Although thy breath be rude
 Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly .
 Most friendship is feigning most loving mere
folly.

Then heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharpe
As friends remember d not
Heigh ho &c.

—
The more one sickens the worse at ease he is ;
and that he that wants money, means, and content,
is without three good friends , that the
property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn ,
that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a
great cause of the night is lack of the sun , that
he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art
may complaine of good **breeding**, or comes of a
very dull kindred

—
Those that are good **manners** at the court, are as
ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of
the country is most mockable at the court.

—
Men are April when they woo, December when
they **wed** : maids are May when they are
maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will
 out at the casement, shut that, and 'twill out at
 the key hole, stop that, 'twill fly with the
 smoke out at the chimney.

The Taming Of The Shrew.

And where two raging fires meet together
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
 Tough little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet **extreme** gusts will blow out fire and all.

'Tis the **mind** that makes the body rich,
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit
 What is the jay more precious than the lark
 Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
 Or is the adder better than the eel
 Because his painted skin contents the eye ?

Fie, fie ! unknot that threatening unkind brow,
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
 It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
 Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance commits his body
 To painful labour both by sea and land,
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?

All's Well That Ends Well.

Where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities,
 there commendations go with pity ; they are
 virtues and traitors too.

Love all, trust a few,
 Do **wrong** to none : be able for thine enemy
 Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
 Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
 But never tax'd for speech.

That wishing well had not a body in 't,
 Which might be felt, that we, the poorer born,
 Whose baser stars do shut us up in **wishes**,
 Might with effects of them follow our friends,
 And show what we alone must think, which
 Returns us thanks. never

Our **remedies** oft in ourselves do lie
 Which we ascribe to heaven. the fated sky
 Gives us free scope ; only doth backward pull
 Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.

Impossible be strange attempts to those
 That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose
 What hath been cannot be.

Though **honesty** be no puritan, yet it will do no
 hurt, it will wear the surplice of humility over
 the black gown of a big heart.

'Tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds
 A native slip to us from foreign seeds.

He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes ; great floods have
 flow'n
From simple sources ; and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft **expectation** fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits.
Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 't'is with us that square our guess by show ;
But most it is **presumption** in us when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Stange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty

In our lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed
Where additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied **honour** Good alone
Is good without a name vilest is so
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title.

That is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as honour's born
And is not like the sire **honours** thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers The mere word is a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb on every grave
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed,

A good traveller is something at the latter end of
dinner but one that **lies** three thirds and uses
a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with,
should be once heard and thrice beaten

'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,
 But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.
 What is not holy, that we swear not by,
 But take the highest to witness.

As in the common course of all treasons, we
 still see them reveal themselves, till they attain
 to their abhorred ends, so he that in his action
 contrives against his own nobility, in his proper
 stream o'erflows himself.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good
 and ill together: our virtues would be proud if
 our faults whipped them not; and our crimes
 would despair if they were not cherished by
 our virtues.

Love that comes too late,
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
 To the great sender turns a sour offence,
 Crying, 'That's good that's gone.' Our rasher faults
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,
 Not knowing them until we know their grave:
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
 Destroy our friends and after weep their dust:
 Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
 While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.

Twelfth-Night.

—o—

O spirit of **love**! how quick and fresh art thou,

That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there,
Of what validity and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical

—

There is no slander in an allowed **fool**, though he
do nothing but rail, nor no railing in a discreet
man, though he do nothing but reprove.

—

What's a **drunken** man like ?
Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman :
one draught above heat makes him a fool, the
second mads him, and a third drowns him.

—

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !

—

Howe'er we do praise ourselve
Our fancies are more giddly and unform
More longing avenge sooner lost and worn
Than women's are

Be not afraid of **greatness** some are born grea
some achieve greatness and some have grea
ness thrust upon them

I hate **ingratitude** more in a man
Than lying vanness babbling drunkenness
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inherits our frail blood

In nature there's no blemish but the mind
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind
Virtue is beauty but the beautiful evil
Are empty tokens overflourish'd by the devil

The Winter's Tale.

How sometimes **nature** will betray its folly
Its tenderness and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

Should all despair
That have revolted **wives**, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.

Alack, for lesser **knowledge**! How accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected, but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his
sides,
With violent hefts.

Kings are no less unhappy, then issue not being
gracious, than they are in losing them when
they have approved their virtues.

As the untaught on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of **chance** and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Every lane's end, every shop, church, session,
hanging, yields a careful man work.

King John.

That which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is not amiss when it is truly done ;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purpose mistook
Is to mistake again ; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And **falsehood** falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest : evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show **evil**.

A **sceptre** snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd ;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
 To guard a title that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow or with taper light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

When workmen strive to do better than well
 They do confound their skill in covetousness,
 And oftentimes excusing of a fault
 Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.
 As patches set upon a little breach
 Discredit more in hiding of the fault
 Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
 By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life,
 And on the winking of authority
 To understand a law, to know the meaning
 Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
 More upon humour than advis'd respect

Be great in act, as you have been in the thought;
 Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
 Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes,
 That borrow their behaviours from the great,
 Grow great by your **example** and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.

King Richard II.

The purest treasure mortal times afford
 Is **spotless reputation** : that away,
 Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
 A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
 Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

All places that the eye of heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
 There is no virtue like **necessity**.

O ! who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

O! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony :
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent
in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words
in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose ;
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before.
The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,
Write in remembrance more than things long past.

Violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
short ;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself,

He is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false **hope** lingers in extremity.

Know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody here ;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every **guilty** hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?

And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of **kings** :
How some have been deposed, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping
kill'd ;
All murder'd : for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king

Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchise, be fear'd and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell **king**!

—
 These external manners of laments
 Are merely shadows to the unseen **grief**
 That swells with silence in the tortur'd souls,
 There lies the substance.

King Henry The Fourth.

PART I.

If all the year were playing holidays

To **sport** would be as tedious as to work,
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd for
 come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 Diseased **nature** oftentimes breaks forth
 In strange **eruptions**; oft the teeming earth
 Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

v the imprisoning of unruly wind
 within her womb whi h for e largement
 makes the old bedlam earth and topples down ^{striving,}
 teeples and moss grown towes

uspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes
 or treason is but trusted like the fox
 who ne er so tame so cherish'd and lock'd up,
 will have a wild trick of his ancestors

King Henry The Fourth.

PART II.

open your ears for which of you will stop
 the vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
 from the orient to the drooping west,
 faking the wind my post horse still unfold
 he acts commenced on this ball of earth
 upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
 he which in every language I pronounce,
 stuffing the ears of men with false reports
 speak of peace, while covert enmity
 under the smile of safety wounds the world,
 and who but Rumour, who but only I,
 make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,

Whilst the big year, sworn with some other grief
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant of war,
 And no such matter ? **Rumour** is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
 And of so easy and so plain a stop
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it

See, what a ready tongue **suspicion** hath ?
 He that fears the thing he would not know
 Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
 That what he fear d is chanced.

He doth sin that doth belie the dead,
 Not he which says the dead is not alive
 Yet the first binger of **unwelcome news**,
 Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Rember'd knolling a departing friend.

We play the fools with the **time**, and the spirits
 of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this time asleep ! O **sleep** ! O gentle sleep !
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody ?
 O thou dull God ! Why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case or a common 'larum bell ?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperial surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamour in the slippery clouds,
 That with the hurly death itself awakes ?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

There is a **history** in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd -
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things
 As yet not come to lite, which in their seeds
 And weak beginnings lie inticau'd.
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time.

That man that sits within a monarch's heart
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king.
 Alack! What mischief might he set abroad
 In shadow of such greatness.

A **peace** is of the nature of a conquest,
 For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
 And neither party loses.

Will **Fortune** never come with both hands full
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
 She either gives a stomach and no food
 Such are the poor, in health, or else a feast
 And takes away the stomach, such are the rich,
 That have abundance and enjoy it not.

How quickly nature falls into revolt
 When **gold** becomes her object ?
 For this the **foolish** over-careful fathers
 Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,
 Their brains with care, their bones with industry ;
 For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold ;
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises :
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets,
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
honey,
 We bring it to the hive, and like the bees,
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

It is certain that either wise, bearing or ignorant
 carriage is caught as men take diseases, one
 of another : therefore let men take heed of
 their **company**.

Henry V.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser puality.

Government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Therefore doth heaven divide
The **state** of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience ; for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of **order** to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts ,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venturie trade abroad
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merrv march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor .
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneecing up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad eyed justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone I this infer
 That many things having full reference
 To one consent may work contrariously
 As many arrows loosed several ways
 Hit to one mark as many ways meet in one town

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea
 As many lines close in the dial's centre
 So many a thousand actions once afoot
 Find in one purpose and be all well borne
 Without defeat.

—
 If little faults proceeding on distemper
 Shall not be wink'd at how shall we stretch our eye
 When capital crimes chew'd swallow'd and
 digested
 Appear before us

—
 In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
 The enemy more mightily than he seems
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd
 Which of a weak and niggardly project on
 Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth

—
 Fortune is painted blind with a miter afore her
 eyes to signify to us that fortune is blind

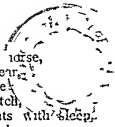
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great
greatness.

And bid thy ceremony give the cure
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With tiles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud
dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The fairéd title running fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets himself to rest, cramm'd with distressful
bread.

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium, next day after dawn,



Dost rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
 And follow'st so the ever running year,
 With profitable labour, to his grave;
 And but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Windeth up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

King Henry VI.

PART I.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad-spredding it disperse to nought.

The presence of a king engenders love
 Amongst his subjects and his royal friends,
 As it disanimates his enemies

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
bosom,
gore.

'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands ;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division :
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion

To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility ;
For princes should be free.

King Henry VI.

PART II.

Sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer eve more succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold.
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

What stronger breastplate than a heart undaunted !
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Great men oft die by vile bezonians.
 A Roman sworder and banditto slave
 Murder'd sweet Tully : Brutus' bastard hand
 Stabb'd Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders
 Pompey the Great.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for this wrong
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath ?

King Henry VI.

PART III.

Cowards fight when they can fly no further ;
 So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons ;
 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

What **valour** were it, when a cur doth grin
 For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 When he might spurn him with his foot away ?
 It is war's to take all vantages,
 And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

Harmful **pity** must be laid aside,
 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
 Not to the beast that would usurp their den
 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?
 Not his that spoils her young before her face
 Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
 Not he that sets his foot upon her back
 The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young ,
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings,
 Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,
 Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?

Didst thou never hear
 That things ill got had ever bad success ?

And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell

Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how
lovel

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To **kings**, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes! it doth, a thousand fold it doth,
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His vands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

What stratagems, how fell how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly **quarrel** daily doth beget.

My crown is in my heart not on my head,
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen, my crown is call'd **content**
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy

I hold it cowardice,
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

King Richard III.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noon tide
 night,
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares :
 So that, between their titles and low names,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

I ll not meddle with it (i.e. conscience) ; it
 makes a man a coward , a man cannot steal,
 but it accuseth him , a man cannot swear, but
 it checks him , a man cannot lie with his
 neighbour's wife, but it detects him 'tis a
 blushing shamefast spirit, that mutinies in a
 man's bosom , it fills one full of obstacles , it
 made me once restore a purse of gold that I
 found , it beggars any man that keeps it, it
 is turned out of all towns and cities for a

dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself and live without it

When clouds are seen, **wise** men put on their cloaks,
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand,
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm

O momentary *grace* of mortal man,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of our good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep

If you fight against God's enemy,
 God will in justice ward you as his soldiers,
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain,
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire,
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives.

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.

King Henry VIII.

The tract of everything
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which **action's** self was tongue so.

To climb steep hills
 Requires slow pace at first . **anger** is like
 A full not horse, who being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him.

Be advised ;
 Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
 That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
 By **violent** swiftmess that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire that mounts the liquot till it run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it wastes it.

We must not stint
 Our necessary **actions**, in the fear
 To cope malicious censurers , which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow

That is the trimm'd but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters once weak ones is
 Not ours or not allow'd what worst as oft,
 Fitting a grosser quality is cried up
 For our best act If we shall stand still
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only

Things done well,
 And with a care exempt themselves from **fear**,
 Things done without example in their issue
 Are to be fear'd

New customs
 Though they be never so ridiculous
 Nay let em be unmanly yet we follow'd

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
 Be sure you be not wise for those you make
 friends
 And give your hearts to when they once perceive
 The last rub in your fortunes fall away
 Like water from ice never found again
 But where they mean to sink we

'Tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in **content**
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing ;
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung , as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet **music** is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

The hearts of **princes** kiss obedience,
 So much they love it , but to stubborn spirits
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms

This is the state of **man** , to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes , to morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ,
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ,

And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls.

Fling away **ambition** :

By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate
 thee ;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear
 not,

Let all the ends thou aim'st be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's.

Those that **tame** wild horses

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and
 spur 'em,

Till they obey the manage.

Men, that make

Envy and crooked **malice** nourishment
 Dare bite the best.

Troilus and Cressida.

—o—

Do you know what **man** is ? Is not birth,
 beauty, good shape, discretion, manhood
 learning, gentleness, virtue youth
 liberality and so forth the spice and salt that
 season a man ?

—

The ample proposition that **hope** makes
 In all designs begun on earth below
 Fails in the promised largeness checks and
disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest reared
 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of youth

—

In the proof of chance

Lies the true proof of men the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast making their way
 With those of nobler bulk
 But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
 The strong ridd bark through liquid
mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,

Like Perseus' horse : where's then the saucy
boat

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth **valour's** show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune ; for in her ray and
brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breezes
Than by the tiger ; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Retorts to chiding fortune.

When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the forgers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being
vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre

Observe **degree**, priority, and place
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol

In noble eminence enthron'd and sphe'd
 Amidst the ether whose medicinal eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad but when the
planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,
 What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,
 What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
 Commotion in the winds, frights, changes
horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixture! O! when **degree** is
shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,
 The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Privilege of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?
 Take but that degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark! what discord follows, each thing
meets

In mere oppugancy the bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe

Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead
Force should be right, or rather, right and
Between whose endless jars justice resides—
Should lose their names, and so should justice

Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite, a universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce a universal prey,
And last eat up himself. . . .
This chros, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglectation of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hith to climb The general's disdain'd
By him one step below, ne by the next,
That next by him beneath, so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Or his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.

The wound of peace is security,
Surety secure, but modest **doubt** is call'd

There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

To persist
In doing **wrong** extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy

He that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle, and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

When we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks,
tame tigers, thinking it harder for our mis-
tress to devise imposition enough than for us
to undergo the difficulty imposed. This is
the monstrosity in love, that the will is in-
finite, and the execution confined, that the
desire is boundless, and the act a slave to
limit.

They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the poor man's fees.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with
fortune,
Must fall out with men too. What the declivity is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall, for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as places, riches, and
favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes nor doth the eye itself—
That most pure spirit of sense—behold itself,
Not going from itself but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form,
For speculation turns not to itself
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at
all.

No man is the lord of anything
Thou'rt in and of him there be much consisting—
Till he communicate his parts to others
Nor doth he or himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they're extended, who, like an arch,
reverberates
The voice again or, like a gate of steel
Fronts the sun receives and renders back
His fire and his heat

Nature, what things there are,
Most object in regard, and dear in use!

What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth !

—
O heavens ! What some men do ;
While some men leave to do
How some men creep in skittish **Fortune** 's hall
While others play the idiots in her eyes !
How one man eats into another 's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness !

—
Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great sized monster of ingratitude
Those scrapes are good deeds past, which are
devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done **Perseverance** dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant

away ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast keep, then, the
path ,

For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by

And leave you hindmost
 O like a gallant horse fall n in first rant
 I lie there for p vement to the object rear
 O e run end t ampled on then what they do in
 present
 I ho igh less than yours in past, most o er top
 yours
 For time is like a fashionable host
 That lightly shakes his parting guest by the
 hand,
 And with his arms outstretch d, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing O! let not virtue
 seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was
 for beauty, wit
 High birth vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love friendship charity are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin
 I hat all with one consent praise new born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things
 past,
 And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More hand than gilt o er dusted
 The present eye praises the present object

And danger like an ague subtly taints
 Even when we sit idly in the sun

Do not count it holy
 To hurt being just it is as lawful
 I crave would give much to use violent thefts,
 And rob in the behalf of charity

Coriolanus.

There was a time when all the body's members
 Rebell'd against the belly thus accus'd it
 That only like a gulf it did remain
 In the midst of the body idle and inactive
 Still cupbarding the vanguard never bearing
 Like labour with the rest, where the other
 Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel
 And mutually participate did minister
 Unto the appetite and affection common
 Of the whole body The belly answered —

' True is it, my incorporate friends ' quoth he,
 ' That I receive the general food at first,
 Which you do live upon and fit it is,

Because I am the store house and the shop
 Of the whole body but, if you do remember,
 I send it through the rivers of your blood,
 Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the
 brain ;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,
 The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
 You, my good friends

Though all at once cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flour of all,
 And leave me but the brain.'

Extremity was the trier of spirits ;
 That common chances common men could bear ,
 That when the sea was calm all boats alike
 Show'd mastership in floating , fortune's blows,
 When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
 craves

A noble cunning.

O **world!** thy slippery turns. Friends now fast
 sworn,
 Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,

That you affect ; and so must you resolve
 That what you cannot as you would achieve,
 You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Coal-black is better than another hue,
 In that it scorns to bear another hue ;
 For all the water in the ocean
 Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Romeo And Juliet.

Alas ; that love, whose view is muffled still,
 Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will.

Why then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !
 O anything ! of nothing first create.
 O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
 Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
 health !
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes :
 Being vex'd, a sea nourished with lover's tears :

What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

I talk of **dreams**,

Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

The earth that's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.

O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strain'd from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being mis-applied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower
 Poison hath residence and medicine power
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
 part,

Being tasted slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed foes encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;
 And where the worser is predominant,
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie,
 But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
 reign,

These violent **delights** have violent ends,
 And in their triumph die, like fire and powder
 Which, as they kiss, consume the sweetest
 honey

Is loath some in his own deliciousness
 And in the taste confounds the appetite .
 Therefore love moderately long love doth so ,
 Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

A lover may bestride the gossamer
 That idles in the want of summer sun,
 And yet not fall, so light is **vanity**

When gnawing grief the heart doth wound,
 And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
 Then **music** with her silver sound
 With speedy help doth lend redress

Timon of Athens.

Our **poesy** is a gum which oozes
 From whence 'tis nourish'd the fire the flint
 Shows not till it be struck our gentle flame
 Provokes itself and, like the current flies
 To rich bound it chafes

When **Fortune** in her shift and change of mood
 Spurns down her late beloved all his dependents
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top
 Laid on their knees and hands, let him slip
 Not one accompanying his declining foot, down,

Ceremony was but devis'd at first
 To set a gloss on faint and hollow welcomes

Recent greatness so rarely is shown,
 But here there is true friendship there needs
 none

Here is that which is too weak to be a sinner
 Hottest water which never left man in the mire
 This and my food are equal there is no odds
 If ears are too proud to give thanks to the gods

Immortal gods I care no self
 I pray for no man but myself
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath or bond,
 Or a harlot for her weeping
 Or a dog that seems a sleeping
 Or a keeper with my freedom
 Or my friends, if I should need them

What need we have any friends if we should
 never have need of them? they were the most
 needless creatures living, should we never
 have use for them and would most resemble
 sweet instruments lying up in cases that
 keep their sounds to themselves

Like madness is the glory of this life
 As this pomp shows but a little oil and root

We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves
And spend our flatteries to drink those men
Upon whose rage we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy
Who lives that is not depraved or depraves?
Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friend's gift?

Men shut their doors against a setting sun

Ah! when the means are gone that buy this
praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made
Feast won, fast lost, one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
wrongs
His outsides, to wear them like his raiment,
carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger
If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Would cast the globe at, thus embloms and spices
 To the April day again Come, damned earth
 Thou common whole of mankind, that puttst
 odds
 Among the rout of nations

Willing misery
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before,
 The one is filling still never complete
 The other at high wish best state **contentless**,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst **content**

O thou sweet long killer, (ie **gold**) and dear
 divorce
 'Twas natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
 Of Hymen's priest bed! thou valiant Mars!
 Thou ever young, fresh lov'd and delicate
 wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god
 That sol'st close impossibilities
 And mak'st them kiss that speak st with every
 tongue
 To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think thy slave man rebels, and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire.

There s boundless theft

In limited professions
 The sun s a thief and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea , the moon s an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun ,
 The sea s a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears , the earth s a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
 From general excrement , each thing s a thief
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
 power

Have uncheck'd theft

nothing can you steal

But thieves do lose it

Good is the best Promising is the very air o'
 the time it opens the eyes of expectation,
 performance is ever the duller for his act
 and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of
 people, the deed of saving is quite of use
 To **promise** is most courtly and fashionable,
 performance is a kind of will or testament

which argues a great sickness in his judgment
that makes it.

What a god's gold,
That is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed !
'Tis thou that riggst the bark and ploughst the
foam,
Settest admired reverence in a slave
To thee be worship and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey

Julius Caesar.

No stony tower nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor ironless dungeon nor strong links of iron
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit
But life being weary of those worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself

But tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face,
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Between the **acting** of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or hideous dream :
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

O **conspiracy** !

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

When evils are most free ? O ! then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage ? seek none,

conspiracy ;

Hide it in smiles and affability :
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced **ceremony**.
Here are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at Land,

Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
 But when they shou'd ensure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crests and like deceitful jades,
 Sink in the trial

There is a tide in the affairs of men
 Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune,
 Omitted in the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries

And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures

O hateful error, melancholy's child!
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
 Things that are not? O error! soon conceived,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee

Macbeth.

Oftentimes to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truth,
 Win us with honest trifles to betray us
 In deepest consequence

Sleep that knits the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Blood will have blood ;
 Stones have been known to move and trees to speak ,
 Augurs and understood relations have
 By maggot pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood.

To-morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to-day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more , it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

Hamlet.

—o—

To persevere

In obstinate condolment is a course
 Of unpiou stubbornness, tis unmanly grief
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven
 A heart unfortified a mind impatient
 An understanding simple and unschool'd
 For what we know must be and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense
 Why should we in our peevish opposition
 Take it to heart? 'Tis but a fault to heaven
 A fault against the dead a fault to nature
 To reason most absurd whose common theme
 Is death of fathers and who still hath cried
 From the first corse till he hath died to day
 This must be so

—

These few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character Give thy thoughts no
 tongue

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act
 Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new hatchling unfledged comrade
Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel but being in
 Bear that that thou opposed may beware of thee
 Give every man thine ear but few thy voice
 Take each man's censure but reserve thy
judgment
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy
 But not express'd in fancy rich not gaudy
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man

Neither a borrower nor a lender be
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
 This above all to thine own self be true
 And it must follow as the night the day
 Thou canst not then be false to any man

What a piece of work is a **man**! How noble in
 reason! how infinite in faculty! in form in
 moving how express and admirable! in
 action how like an angel! in apprehension
 how like a god! the beauty of the world! the
 paragon of animals! And yet to me what
 is this quintessence of dust?

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life .
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of
 time
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
 contumely,
 The tanga of despiz'd love, the law's delay .
 The insolence of office, and the spurs
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

What we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 Of violent birth, but poor validity ,

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree
 But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt ;
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of either grief or joy
 Their own enactures with themselves destroy ;
 Where joy most revels grief doth most lament,
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
 That even our love should with our fortunes

change

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
 Whe'r love lend fortune or else fortune love
 The great man down, you mark his favourite
 flies ,

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try
 Directly seasons him his enemy.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run
 That our devices still are overthrown,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our
 own.

The single and peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and armour of the mind
 To keep itself from noyance ; but much more
 That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty
 Dies not alone, but, like a gulf doth draw
 What's near it with it ; it is a massy wheel,
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortis'd and adjoined ; which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
 Did the **king** sigh, but with a general groan.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not
 That monster, **custom**, who all sense doth eat
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock or livery,
 That aptly is put on.....
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
 And masters ev'n the devil or thrhw him out
 With wondrous potency.

Diseases desperate growe

By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
 Or not at all.

...at is a **man**,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd.

Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
returneth into **dust**; the dust is earth; of
earth we make loam, and why of that loam,
whereto he was converted, might they not
stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :
O ! that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall ; and that should
teach us
There's a **divinity** that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Fathers that wear rags
 Do make their children blind
 But fathers that bear bags
 Shall see their children kind
Fortune that arraiseth who
 Never turns the key to the poor

That sir which serves and seeks for gain
 And follows but for form
 Will pack when it begins to rain
 And leaves thee in the storm

O! reason not the **need**, our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous
 Allow not nature more than nature needs
 Man's life is cheap as beasts

To wilful men
 The injuries that they themselves procure
 Must be their schoolmasters

Where the greater **malady** is find
 The lesser is scarce felt Thou dost shun a bear
 But if thy flight be toward the roaring sea
 Thou shalt meet the worst the mouth of hell When the
 mind's free
 The body's delicate the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feelings else
Save what beats there Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't

Take physic, pomp
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Take heed o' the foul fiend Obeſe thy parents ;
keep thy word juſtly ſwear not, commit
not with man's ſwain ſpouſe, ſet not thy
ſweet heart on **proud** array.

He's mad that trusts in the timeness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

When we our betters see, bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our **miser**ies our foes
Who alone suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind ;
But then the mind much sufferance doth over-
skip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

Like the superfluous and lust-dict'd man,
 That slaves your ordinance that will not see
 Because he doth not feel your power quickly,
 So distribution should undo excess,
 And each man have enough.

Othello.

Why, there's no remedy 'tis the curse of the
 service,
 Preferred, good by letter and affection
 Not by the old gradation where each second
 Stood heir to the first

We cannot all be masters nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd You shall mark
 Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave
 That, doing or his own obsequious bondage
 Wears out his time much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender and he's old cashier'd
 Whip me such honest knaves Others there are
 Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves
 And throwing but shows of service on their lords
 Do well thrive by them and when they have laid
 their costs

Do themselves homage. —

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes
depended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the
thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief. —

You (i.e. women) are pictures out of doors,
bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

—
Reputation is an idle and most false imposition;
oft got without merit, and lost without de-
serving.

—
O God! that men should put an enemy (i.e. wine)
in their mouths to steal away their brains;
that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel,
and applause, transform ourselves into beasts.

Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms which the wise powers
Deny us for our good so find we profit
By losing of our **prayers**

Though it be honest it is never good
To bring bad **news** give to a gracious message
A host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it

I know the devil himself will not eat a woman, I
know that a **woman** is a dish for the gods, if
the devil dress her not But, truly, these
same whoreson devils do the gods great
harm in their women for in every ten that
they make, the devils mar five.

Cymbeline.

Most miserable
Is the desire that cloous Unss d be those,

How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.

What ! are men mad ! Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach ? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt **fair** and foul ?

'Tis **gold**
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, and
makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Then deer to the stand o' the stealer, and 'tis gold
Which makes the true men kill'd and saves the
thief,
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man
What
Can it not do and undo ?

There's no motion
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the **woman's** part, be it living, note it,

The woman's flattering hers deceiving hers
 Ambitions coverings change of pride's disdain,
 Nice longin' gladder mutability
 All fruits that man may name nary that hell knows,
 Whichever in part or all but rather, all
 For even to vice
 They are not constant but are changing still
 One vice but of a minute old for one
 Not half so old as that

Pericles.

I love to hear the sins they love to act

Who has a book of all that monarchs do
 Is more secure to keep it shut than shown,
 For vice reported is like the wind ring wind,
 Blows a sin in others' eyes to spread itself
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
 The breath is gone and the sore eyes see clear
 To stop the air would hurt them The blind
mole casts
 Good hills towards heaven to tell the earth is
throng'd
 By man's oppression and the poor worm doth
die for t.

King's are earth's gods, in vice then law's their
will,
And if Jove stray, who dare say Jove doth ill?

Time's the king of men
He's both their parent, and he's their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

I hold it ever,
 V₄ **ue** and cunning were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches, careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend,
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god.

PRINTED BY M. N. SRIKANTIAH
AT THE
SRI LAKSHMI PRINTING PRESS
MYSORE, 1923.

